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TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1897.

MARGINALIA.

Some year or two ago we saw it men tioned by Justice Walter Clark in an article on the descent of Lord Tennyson, that the great poet was from roy alty. We said that if true it had not been mentioned in two lives of the poet we had and had never seen it referred to in any critical papers we had read upon him. Judge Clark recently sent us this:

"The St. James Gazette gives Tennyson's authentic genealogy upto John Savage, Earl Rivers, and adds: 'This, of course, gives him the ancestry of Earl Rivers, which we know historically includes the four Edwards, John, the first three Henry's, William the conqueror, Alfred, Ethelwoll and Egbert. The mother of Edward III being Isabella, daughter of Phillippe-le-bel, this places St. Louis, Philip Augustus and Hugh Capet among his lineal ancestors. Ferdinand III of Castle and Leon, Roderic Barbarossor, Charlemaigne and several kings of Scotland are necessarily so by reason of the intermarriages of his royal ancestors.'

In the article, I demonstrated mathematically that the probability is that any given man of our race is descended from Alfred and Charlemagne, but the above gives the intermediate links as to Tennyson, something which compara-

tively few ever do." We do not attach importance to claim set up by any one that he is descended from some English earl or duke or royalty itself, unless the connections are clear, the descent unbroken. A broken link is fatal to an inheritance and to descent also. We know a gentleman of this state who once thought he was of blood kin to several governors, presidents of Harvard university, a distinguished baronet, to many of the most distinguished literati in Massachusetts. He had the authority of an antiquary for this belief based upon thirty years research as to one family, and results published in two ponderous volumes. But an examination by another gentalogist showed that there were two men of the same name exactly, who came from the same place in England, and both lived in the same town in Massachusetts. The gentleman referred to learned that the public records of that town for probably 200 years showed that he was not descended from the man he was led to believe, but from the other of the same name who was not related to the governors, Baronet, literati, etc. Neither was there really any kinship between the two men of the same name, residence, etc., it does not appear. So generalogies may be very uncertain. We know a North Carolina family, too modest to proclaim the fact upon the house tops, who have a genealogy made out by a northern expert who unquestionably traces in direct line their descent back to several distinguished men of the English nobility, and thence to Hugh Capet, of France, and to Otto the Great, of Germany. We do not The New York Observer said this: doubt their geneological record is as clear, direct, unbroken as Lord Tennyson's. We do not know as to the soundness of our friend's contention as to Charlemagne and Alfred. If he had said that all men of the white race were descendants unbrokenly from Adam we would have readily accepted

Henry James, the eminent essayist and novelist, born in New England, but long resident in Old England, or elsewhere, is a capital writer of essays of the higher kind. He is rather metaphysical and almost obscure at timessomething hard to follow-but he has a style of marked elegance and he is very entertaining when in his clearest and happiest mood. In Harper's for September he discusses with elaboration and care George Du Maurier, whose death was so much lamented by the readers of his fascinating novels. Mr. James had intimate associations for many years with the gifted Englishman, was a warm personal friend and admirer of him and visited him often through the years. His essay is out of the common, and he describes the moods and gifts, the whimsicalities and methods, the attractions and views, all the remarkable combinations of this rare man who flowered as a writer so late in life-some fifty-six perhaps. We have not space to refer at length to this abstruse- entertaining and yet life-like sketch as well as analysis of the dead novelist. It gratifies us to see that so able and penetrating a critic as Mr. James is known to be on two contiments, gives to "Peter Ibbetson" his

the theory. Some folks have descended

from a higher, nobler line than others.

We do not think any people on the

globe love rank and distinction more

than do Americans. Many of them

ought to read Thackeray's "Book of

but it is the strongest, the most artistis, the most vivid, the most original. great deal in it well worth remembering Mr. James says of it that it is his most charming work, and yet this is not the accepted opinion. He says that in this rior man and has, as Sam Jones phrases admirable work of genius he has "the most prospect for an assured life." The three novels are all autobiographical, and are filled with the fascinating personality of the author. Mr. James intimates as much. He writes of this as follows: "In reading over the novels I am none the less struck with the degree ship. He was very strong and edifyin which the author is personally all there. Everything in him, everything one remembers him by, and know him ularly interesting and felicitous. In by and most liked him for, is literally, Pauline phraseology character is equivis intensely there; every sign of his taste and his temper, every note of his experience and his talk." In a word the three books constitute Du Maurier from childhood up to nearly the very close. Mr. James says again of "Peter" that it remains his "most particular pleasure, for it seems to him to conform most to that idea of an author's. Best of which the sign is ever his having most expressed his subject." He says he prefers to read the first English edition without the pictures, and says "it is a postive comfort to be left alone with the text." And yet the illustrations are unique, excellent and they certainly illustrate. They are by the genius who wrote the text. Mr. James finds much "poetry" in Du Maurier's pages. He has presented a most charming personality, a most attractive friend. A singularly entertaining companion is the genius whose life closed amid the shouts of an admiring, unnumbered multitude.

Which is worse, imprisonment for life or a life-long disease, like scrofula, for example? The former, certainly, would be preferable were it not that Ayer's Sarsaparilla can always come to the rescue and give the poor sufferer health, strength, and happiness.

RELIGIOUS EDITORIALS FOR

The editor of the Ram's Horn gives very good and much needed advice in this short sentence: "Read your Bible when you want God to speak to you."

Therefore to him that knoweth to do good, and doeth it not, to him it is sin.

The man who wantonly, deliberately slanders and stabs his neighbor is not better than a murderer or a thief, and is a liar, and such, the Good Book says, "shall be turned into hell."

Here is a wise reflection from a very gifted Presbyterian northern divine, Rev. Dr. Henry vanDyke, of New York, the author of the finest critical volume

on Tennyson: him. But if he believes that Christ died for him he cannot help remember

There is too much sentimental, rhetorical preaching, and too little that is both dogmatical and practical. There is too much-cowardice and time-serving in the pulpit-too much fear of man and his money. The sins of the high, the great, the rich are not dwelt upon specifically and directly, but passed over or lightly touched. You hear but little of foundation doctrine, but much of the "passing show," the "little sins" Who preaches now of the meaning, the nature, the imperative need of the Atonement of the Son of God, the death of Jesus Christ upon the cross? Whimsicality, sentimentality, surface scraping have usurped the place in the discussion of the Atonement of the great foundation truth of it, its ethical side

"But true sentimes: and practical ethics need to base down on an objective divine atonement. Hazy and changeful views as to the atonement are becoming altogether too prevalent in scores of pulpits. The doctrine of the person of Christ is precious, but it is not the doctrine of the atonement and was never intended to be. Moreis needed for redemption than just an dations of faith. exhibitional theory of Christ's mission, or an eloquent dissertation upon his personal piety.'

A return to dogmatics, to fundamentals seems to be the real, the pressing need of these times. Christ Crucified is the all and all of the Christian Scrip-

Last year a distinguished and elo-

They Continued to Spread in Spite of Treatment but Now They are Healed - A Wonderful Work.

"For many years I have been a great sufferer with varicose veins on one of my limbs. My foot and limb became dreadfully swollen. When I stood up I could feel the blood rushing down the veins of this limb. One day I accidentally hit my foot against some object and a sore broke out which continued to spread and was exceedingly painful. I concluded I needed a blood purifier and I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. In a short time those dreadful sores which had caused me so much suffering, began to heal. 1 kept on faithfully with Hood's Sarsaparilla, and in a short time my limb was completely healed and the sores gave me no more pain. I cannot be too thankful owner of it to take charge as captain for the wonderful work Hood's Sarsaparilla, has done for me." Mrs. A. E.

GILSON, Hartland, Vermont. Is the best-in fact the One True Blood Purifier. Hood's Pills cure all liver ills. 25 cents.

preference as his most masterly novel. quent northern Methodist. Bishop Vin-It is not necessarily so interesting, for cent, preached a sermon of marked question as to this might be raised, interest, ability and interest before Vanderbilt university. There was a and because there was much that was important, true, basic. He is a supeit, "a good case of religion." He is a divine of pulpit power as well as of good erudition and superior culture. He first defined what is godliness, and afterward referred to the scientific men who exalt and eulogize Nature but never speak of God or offer Him woring in dealing with this class. He then discussed "character" and was particalent to God-likeness. We make one

> quotation here: "As Paul says, man may be 'filled with all the fullness of God.' We may love with God's love. We may work with God's enegry. We may with our limited intellects think with God's thought. Chrysostom says: 'The true Shekinah is man.' Godliness is not the prerogative of a class. It is for all people of all classes always and everywhere. Godliness forbids no legitimate element in business or pleasure. It may modify life, but it exalts and ripens it, enabling ideals and intensifying enjoyments. The life of godliness is a life of gladness, of health, of breadth, of social cheer, of domestic responsibility and delight. It is not the life of the cell, but of the home, the street, the school, the parlor; the life of cooperation with reformers in the city and in the state; the life of culture, in art, in science, in literature; the life of freedom and development; the life through which there runs a strong purpose to serve God and to help human-

The able speaker farther on discoursed of exercising ourself in godliness. He pointed to the carrier-pigeons that would go only home-would go to no other place. Homeward bound always. He told his young auditors: "Get all other good you can, but 'seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness.' Be learned, gifted, brilliant, wise, but remember that 'the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom."

Towards the close he gave most timely advice and it is good for all places and all men. The able divine said:

"Do not try to outgrow the old verities of God and conscience, of Jesus the Christ and his kingdom, of the Bible and Sabbath, of prayer and of spiritual consciousness. Do not be so broad as to surrender all restraint. Do not be dogmatic in repudiating dogma, nor narrow in defending what you call "liberality.' Do not accept all the skeptics says, nor abandon all the believers hold. Do not sneer at "orthodoxy." Be generous, magnanimous, always athirst for truth, and let your great soul be an

The Bible is a collection of Hebrew literature, if nothing more. You are bound to admit that. It is a Biblia books, and not simply a book. It is not simply a human book, but authoritative, of God, from God, conveying His "A man may look long and bitterly at revelation. His message. The destructsins and forget that Christ died for lives have been long at work upon the Old Testament trying to undermine, to strip it of authenticity and genuineness. Some people have been injured seriously by these sappers and miners and have lost faith in the divine origin of the Word of God, the Books of all books. But the true Christian continue to walk in the old ways, hold on to the old faith, cling to the divine promises and accept the Bible as indeed of divine origin and verity, without picking out what to believe and what to reject as is the manner of sceptics and lower critics. But while the professors and and the performances in "Vanity Fair." | doctors, the scientists and agnostics are digging under the foundations, showing here an "error" and there an error in the Books, while holding themselves infallible in their judgment and learning, the church of God can well afford to await developments. It is indeed most remarkable, a work of Providence, that while some modern scholars are so busy in destroying faith and hope and showing up supposed blunders in God's revelation, there is going on from year to year a constant discovery of ancient writings and monuments that are so many witnesses and evidences of the truths of the Bible and are so many confirmations of the foun-

HOME FOLKS.

The boss at the penitentiary announces he will take from the penitentiary some eighty convicts-sentenced for life and put them to work on the state farms. Unless the guards are more faithful than some are suspected of not being, the probability is these villains chance of escape. Look out for developments.

The state is in a fair way to suffer from a heavy outlay paid in fees to lawyers caused by the action of the governor. The attorney general must be either a very weak limb of the law or is sadly discredited by "the powers that be." Suppose the next hybrid legislature-another rad-pop affair-appoint five legal henchmen as attorneys to conduct suits for rad-pop chief executives, with salaries attached equal to expectation and commensurate with great abilities. Ahem! Grab-all is the

If a man who never saw the ocean, never was aboard of a great steamer or any other vessel was selected by the some people would say the owner was a fool. When the trustees of a state blind and deaf institution selects as boss of it, to run and show the blind how to see and the deaf to hear, a fellow who knows nothing in the world about it, was never in one before in his life probably, is a superlative ignora-

mus, then there are other fools who say the selection is good and wise. This is the trick played by the Russell gang on the board by electing one negro Perry as superintendent of the negro department in the deaf and dumb and blinb asylum.

It is fortunate that the memorial address to be delivered at Winchester, Va., on the 17th September upon the laying of the corner stone of the monument to be erected to the 497 dead heroes of North Carolina who perished in Virginia battling for the south, is to be by Rev. James Battle Avirett, the rector of the Episcopal churches at Lousiburg and Kittrell. He is a gentleman and a scholar, a man of gifts and a preacher of ability. We lately read a finely wrought sermon of his delivered before the convention of his church in the North Carolina diocese last year. It contains some striking, even eloquent passages. He is a genuine North Carolinian, a great friend of the university, where he was educated, a gentleman of reading, refinement and culture, and intensely interested in all that concerns the fame of our soldiers and the honor and glory of his native state. He will throw his soul into that address and we may expect from him kindling eloquence, high thoughts, patriotic ardor, fervid rhetoric and 'words that burn." 'We wish there could be gathered at Winchester on that North Carolina day hundreds of our fair women, so devoted, so patriotic, so true, and other hundreds of our veterans who showed their splendid valor on so many well contested and "hard foughten" battle fields, where brave men bled and died, to hear the gifted divine speak of the past with all of its sad memorials and heroic memories.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.



Some Great Corn

(Louisville Commercial.) Scottsboro, Ind., August 20.-Remark able as it may seem, there are two small fields of corn in Scott county which will yield over 200 bushels to the acre. One is owned by Marion Harrod, of Alpha, nine miles north of here, and consists of one acre, off of which Mr. Harrod claims he will raise 250 bushels. The other is a field of seven acres, owned by E. P. McCaslin, of this city, who introduced it here, and it will yield fully as much per acre as the field owned by Mr. Harrod.

Last year Mr. McCaslin made scientific experiments in the culture of corn on his farm, seven miles north of here. He raised twenty-two varieties, many of which are wholly unknown to the farmers of Indiana, and some of which are without name. His experiments proved highly successful, practically and scientifically, but the most notable and important by far was the species referred to.

It has no name other than that supplied by its producer, who has named it Cornucopia, or the horn of plenty. It may sound startling to say that 200 bushels of it can be raised to the acre, but it is true, and the poorest ground will produce 100 bushels.

The wonderful corn was originated by a Kentucky grower about four years burden is allowed to pass, while outside ago, and Mr. McCaslin thinks he had the walls stricken women are crying and last year every grain that remained praying, driven to despair by the volley of the first crop, which was the only one raised, it being the outgrowth of a long successoin of experiments in crossing various species.

Mr. McCaslin began with one ear of it, or 348 grains. Out of these, owing to the drought last spring, but 242 sprouted, and from these he reaped a harvest of a little over seven bushels. Mr. Har-

rod obtained some of the grain. Every stalk of this remarkable corn produces at least five well filled ears, averaging at least three, which are ten inches in length, while on some stalks are to be found as many as ten perfect ears. This, however, is unusual, and is caused by extreme wet weather. The corn is a stout grower, and the stalks are more than two inches in diameter. It is a white dentthe most valuable raised-of first-class quality, being very solid on the cob. and runs from ten to fourteen rows to the cob. Five ears taken from one stalk, selected at random last year, and thoroughly dried, weighed two pounds and eight ounces, which would be over 200 bushels to the acre, the corn being planted eighteen inches apart. The corn does not stool and should not be planted more than two grains to the hill, as more impairs the

Mr. McCaslin thinks it will produce 200 bushels to the acre if planted one grain to each hill, and the most of his is so planted this year.

"I don't exactly understand," said the boarder with the baby blue eyes, "just what Shakespeare meant by Cleopatra's infinite variety." "Infinite variety," said Ashbury Pep-

pers musingly, with his chin upraised. "Infinite variety would seem to be something like continuous vaudeville." -Cincinnati Enquirer.



of meaning and about which such tender recollections cluster as that of "Mother," yet there are months when her life is filled with pain, dread and suffering, and she looks forward to the final hour forebodings, fear and trembling.

No Word se Full

"Mother's Friend" prepares the system for the change taking place, assists Nature to make child-birth easy, and leaves her in a condition more favorable to speedy recovery. It greatly diminishes the danger to life of both mother and child.

Woyler's Savagery in Cube, (London Chronicle.)

A correspondent, writing from Sagua, Santa Clara, Cuba, sends us the following details concerning the unskeakable savagery of General Weyler's attempts to repress the rising of the Cubans against Spanish tyranny:

"The more one sees of the struggle and the fearful devastation occasioned thereby, the stronger grows the conviction that Spain is plunging deeper and deeper into a Slough of Despond which threatens to engulf her at every step, and from which her chances of emerging victoriously seems hopeless. The accumulated debts will be a fearful load for a country in Spain's position. Intrinsically, the island is not worth the struggle, the price in blood and money has been far too high for the island in prosperity, and now it is an ash heap from Cape Antonio in the

extreme west to the great trocha, "For the present, General Weyler ignores the eastern district, where 'Cuba libre' is an accomplished fact. True, he holds a few towns there, at great cost, but they are in reality besieged. In the west, this howling waste, once the best and most prosperous portion of the island. the insurgents roam round at pleasure, lodging the heavy columns, and the 'pa cificos' are still dying of starvation, yel. low fever or smallpox. The position of these unfortunates is heartrending. It seems impossible to find one redeeming feature in the barbarous order which compels them, on pain of death, to abandon their homes and property to the torches of the soldiers and seek protection in the Spanish towns; this protection, so-called, provided them with reservations, any waste land near the cities, where they could build as palatial a residence as they liked with palm leaves. The thoughtful care that provided them with these crude materials for a shelter, after burning their homes, took no trouble to provide them with food: that was a superfluity, a mere detail, and it is in this act, a compulsory starvation of thousands, that will add another blot to the bloody escutcheon of Spain, and is disgusting many of the leading officers in the colony, who are not slow now in condemning the fatuous policy of the captain general.

'The scenes daily to be witnessed in the filthy, reeking settlements of the 'reconcitrados' are so utterly revolting that the Spanish soldiers, hardened as they are by rough treatment and scenes of blood, are often touched by the misery of these people, and give their sorry ration of bread to stop the mournful walls of the children for food. Yet there is no hope for them, no hope of the famine being assuaged. Where can food come from with the barren interior and blockaded

"Smallpox is rife among these poor wretches, with every precaution disre-garded, while yellow fever dances a ghastly attendance. The condition of the Spanish troops is nearly as pitiful-poor, ragged Spanish boys, enduring hardships, plodding wearily on in straw shoes and torn harsh linen suits, till they fall ex- Though he looks puny and hausted and perish by the roadside for lack of care in providing ambulances or proper medical stores by the authorities, who have torn these youths from home and forced them to fight in these noisome swamps

"Lastly, the insurgents, many of them driven to desperation by aggression, their homes destroyed, their women wronged they have, perhaps, on the whole, a better time of it than the Spanish soldiers. but when captured there is little left for them. General Campos, applying the laws of civilized countries in time of war, shot no prisoners. 'He is too lenient," said his critics, and so they recalled him. Weyler, nicknamed 'the butcher.' entered the arena to crush out the revolution with an iron hand. Neither mercy nor quarter has he shown, and he has turned the Cuban struggle into a near approach to the campaign of Alva in Holland. Every day prisoners are executed for the crime of rebellion, and before the final scene, I hear, on the authority of eye witnesses, that inquisitorial tortures are resorted to if the victim is suspected of withholding information.

"The executions take place with due ceremony. The soldiers look on it as a regular parade. The band plays a lively Spanish quickstep, the doomed men, pinioned strongly, are placed kneeling against the wall, the priests are in attendance to throw a veil of religion over the official murder. Some die bravely, shouting 'Cuba libre' as the signal is given; others die gladly, sickened of life by confinement and ill treatment; others, again, have to be supported to the place of execution. Recruits are usually placed on parade to accustom them to the sight of blood. The officer's sword is raised-'Tira!' The blade falls; then 'Alto! Quien Va!' shouts the sentinel, as if in irony, as the ghastly that has robbed them of husband, brother,

"And is this war?"

Betrayed by a Dog (From The Chicago Times-Herald.)

"Skip" was really responsible, although he didn't quite realize the farreaching effect of his innocent action. "Skip," it should be explained, is the pampered British pet of the Winkle children and is one of the haughtiest of Oak Park's aristocracy. Were he a biped he would probably be swaggering about the tennis courts at Oak park in duck trousers, with a monocle screwed into his right eye and chatting with the surbuban beauties with a most delightful English drawl.

As becomes a fox terrier of exalted lineage, he is particularly clever and intelligent, but one of his marked characteristics is a wild and consuming jealousy. If little Miss Winkle bestows upon her beloved dolly Mignon the caress with which every doll mother is so lavish or if Paterfamilias Winkle cuddles the wee Winkles in his arms before bedtime, or should Mrs. Winkle greet her friends effusively. "Skip" accepts the act as a deliberate slight and lifts up his voice in a peculiar whining bark that is at once a protest and a supplication. One night last week there called at

the Winkle cottage, two young people in whose careers the Winkles are much interested. One of them is a young professional man who has already well established himself and the other a bright north side girl at whose shrine many hopeless youths have worshipped. These two had been neighborhood friends for years, but none of the neighborhood gossips had ever been able to determine what the future of the pair was to be.

After a chat Mrs. Winkle stepped into an adjoining room to hunt up a sample of a new shirt waist, and Mr. Winkle, in the temporary absence of the Venus who presides over the destinies of the Winkle kitchen, wandered

out to the refrigerator to see what he could find in the way of a cold drink. They were hardly out of the room before their ears were startled by "Skip's" sharp voice raised in jealous protest. There could be no mistake. When Mr. and Mrs Winkle returned the young people occupied seats widely separated, and the face of each was calm and unruffled; but Mrs. Winkle

knew what had happened. "Fred," she said, shaking her finger at the young man, "why haven't ye told us of your engagement?"

"Engagement?" asked the young man, innocently, "to whom?"

"Why to Edith here." Miss Edith's big blue eyes grew larger. A rosy blush crept up to her temples under her fluffy curis. Both

were about to enter denials. "Don't you dare deny it. Here you are spooning the minute our backs are turned. If you must kiss her, wait next time till 'Skip' is out of the way." When it dawned on the young people that they had been innocently be-

trayed they promptly confessed that matters had been settled for some time, but they had been keeping it a secret." "It was such fun," observed Miss Edith, "Nobody ever suspected, 'Skip,' you naughty dog, what made you tell?" But "Skip" only wagged his stump of a tail and said never a word.

The Musquitto's Arrival Amos has returned to the city. This is the season when Amos Keeter comes to this section, and he is on hand in good

Every one knows Amos. There is not a man, woman or child in the city who has not been bitten by his sharp practice.

The wandering vagabond arrived in the city a few days since; but though many were expecting him, no one seems to know just when he came in. It is certain, however, that he has alighted, for he has been up to his old game of hide and seek -hiding in the day and seeking whom he might devour at night.

It is believed by some that Amos has lately been in New Jersey, as he has many celebrated relatives there, while others think he has been in the lage regions. Soon after his arrival he was heard to

remark very sententiously: "There'll be a hot time in the old town tonight." Then he slipped quietly into the depot restaurant, worked Uncle Bud Kernodie for a bite, and lit out, Amos' tricks are old and well known,

but he never fails to bleed a victim. He approaches you with a song about 'Cousin," presents a long bill to you, and before you know what he is about, gets a hook into you and taps you for what he wants. It is usually two bit. His career is somewhat paradoxial.

thrives best in malarial districts. Women lay awake of nights fearing him; he makes bables cry; men curse him and put strong bars at the windows to keep him out, yet he is received in every home in Atlanta. Every one tries to crush him, but he flies high and lives on the fat of the land, With all of his keen machinations, every

one who knows him declares him to be a regular sucker. Like red wine, Amos Keeter is to be avoided, for in the end he stingeth like an adder, and in the other end he biteth like a serpent. The pesky skeeters are more numerous this year than ever before, it would seem, from the great wail of complaint which arises from the homes in this city these

those which afflicted us last year, being much larger and stronger, and therefore much fiercer. They are wearing stripes on their legs this year. It is uncertain whether this is a bid for the ball and chain attachment, or whether they are only imitating the

latest in bathing suits.-Atlanta Journal.

nights. They are a different brand from

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The annuoncements for the next session of this School are now ready to be sent out. Who wants to see one? Any man with a girl to educate can get some interesting reading by addressing a pos-tal card to Rev. R. V. Lancaster, Kenansville, N. C. For the motto of the Trustees is: The best possible school for the least possible cost. SESSION OPENS SEPTEMBER 8th. 1897.

R. V. LANCASTER.

ju 29 3m President.

THE SCOTTISH CHIEF

Is published at Maxton, N. C., the rail-road centre of Robeson county, which is the largest county in the state, and has the largest capitalization of any agricultural county—over \$160 per capita. The SCOTTISH CHIEF publishes a wide range of local news, besides state and national notes of interest, and pays es-pecial attention to items and notes of interest to people of Scottish descent. A
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